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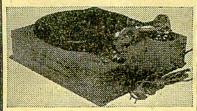
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E'RE NOT KIDDING WHEN WE SAY, "C'MON, IMITATORS", AS LONG AS YOU STAY SECOND BEST, WHICH IS AS THINGS ARE, ACCORDING TO THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF LETTERS WE'VE RECEIVED — WE REPEAT, PUHLEEZE, DON'T CONFUSE CRIME DOES NOT PAY WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE—ANYWAY, WE DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD

# I HAD A HARD TIME BELIEVING IT MYSELF! THE GUY EITHER DOESN'T LIKE LIVING, OR HE THINKS HE'S THE ONLY SURGEON IN CAN'T BELIEVE IT, DAREDEVIL! NO ONE SANE COULD BE THAT EGOTISTICAL! ALL RIGHT-THEN GET OUT! CARSON, YOU TAKE OVER! DO NEMAN MAURER AS. TELL YOU! THE WORLD I'M SORRY, DR. MENDER! I WANT NO PART OF IT! I CAN'T GO ON WITH IT! IT'S PLAIN MURDER!

HIS IS A STORY ABOUT A MAN! THE FACT THAT HE HAPPENS TO BE A DOCTOR, IS A COINCIDENCE!
HAD HE BEEN A MEMBER OF ANY OTHER FIELD OF WORK, THIS STORY PERHAPS MAY HAVE
HAD A DIFFERENT BACKGROUND, BUT NEVERTHELESS WOULD HAVE OCCURRED—MAYBE WITH A
DIFFERENT CAST IN A DIFFERENT LOCALE!
A MAN'S BRAIN IS A PHYSICAL ORGAN OF HIS ANATOMY! THEREFORE; IT IS CERTAINLY AS
SUSCEPTIBLE TO AILMENT AS ANY OTHER ORGAN! THE TRAGEDY WHEN THAT OCCURS, IS ESPECIALLY
PITIFUL WHEN THE AILMENT IS BEYOND PSYCHIATRIC CURE! UNLIKE MOST ILLNESSES, IT IS NOT
VISIBLE, SUCH AS A SWOLLEN JAW FROM A TOOTHACHE, OR A SKIN RASH! PEOPLE MAY UNKNOWINGLY CONTINUE TO TRUST THE JUDGMENT OF THE UNHAPPY INDIVIDUAL, BECAUSE OF THE DEEP
RESPECT THEY HOLD FOR HIS EARLIER PERFORMANCES!
THIS STORY IN NO WAY INTENDS TO EXPRESS ANYTHING BUT THE HIGHEST ESTEEM FOR ONE OF
MANKIND'S MOST GLORIOUS PROFESSIONS. NEITHER DOES IT INTEND FOR THE READER TO
INFER THAT THE AGE OF THE INDIVIDUAL REFERRED TO IN THIS STORY WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS
INEFFICIENCY! THIS IS AN ISOLATED INSTANCE AND VERY RARE! I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED
KNOWING ANOTHER CASE LIKE IT, AND I HOPE I NEVER WILL!

CHARLES BYCO. Charles Biro I WAS SORRY TO SEE IT END! THE SEASON'S OVER! HOW COME YOU BOYS ARE OH, DARN! IT'S NOT THE FUSE-IT'S A LOOSE GENERATOR CONNECTION! IT'S THEY WERE THE OH, OH, OUR LIGHTS WENT OUT! GOT ANY TOUGHEST BUNCH F BRUISERS WE EVER FACED! HOW DID YOU LIKE THE GAME, D. D.? PLAYING STILL SPARE FUSE FOOTBALLZ HAPPENED BEFORE JOCK? TOP THE CAR-WELL, FIRST OF
ALL, IT WAS A POST
SEASON GAME! THEN
THEY POSTPONED IT
THREE TIMES! WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO PLAY
IT NEW YEAR'S
DAY!

THIS ISN'T THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO PARK! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A SEARCH LIGHT! I THINK ONE OF YOU KIDS OUGHT TO GO
BACK A WAYS AND
WAVE OFF THE
CARS! HEY, THE
CAR'S ROLLING OH, GEE, I FORGOT ABOUT THE EMERGENCY BRAKE! IT DOESN ALWAYS HOLD! CURLY, JAM ON THE FOOT ERAKE! GET UP FRONT, BACK! QUICK!









































































































































































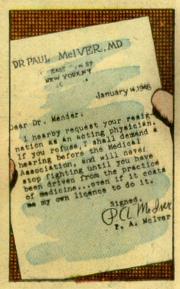






























































### THIS IS YOUR PAGE

### FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society. CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

My little boy has shown great interest in comic books, but I have to censor the pictures in most of the magazines. There is one book, though, that I never have to censor. When I return from the newsstand, I hand my boy the comic and say, "Here, Doug, is your monthly Daredevil." Thanks for every issue published.

Sincerely, Mrs. R. D. Simmons 21 Pickens St., Easley, South Carolina People should be shown, and children are no exception, some of the evils in life, so that they

may appreciate the good.

I have only read five Daredevil comics, but I think they are swell. Our group here in Tienstin, China, took vote for the most popular comic, and Daredevil had the honor of winning fifteen votes out of twenty. Boy and Crime Does Not Pay Comics took care of the remaining five votes.

> Truly your fan, Nonna Matveief 2 Le Bookstore, 11 Pase Course Road, Tienstin, China

Daredevil stands for good will toward all men around the world without regard to boundaries. Good sportsmanship and fair play are as honorable in China as they are in Brooklyn, Best wishes to your group.

I was glancing through Daredevil, when I suddenly realized the comic was terrific! The "What's On Your Mind" page interested me very much and gave me the idea of pen-pal correspondence. I would like to write to 13, 14, or 15 year old girls, since I am so interested in America and Americans. Please be kind enough to print this, so that I may learn more about your great country.

Respectfully yours, David Wartenberg 53 Chandos Road, Willesden Green, . London, N. W. 2, England

Your letter may be read by millions.

At the present, I am the receptionist in the General Hospital in this town, and I have just finished reading some of your DAREDEVIL COMICS. I can't tell you how they arrived here, but I would like to express my thanks through you and tell you how much happiness they have brought to our patients.

Yours sincerely, Eileen Ward 104 Russell St., Loughborough, Leics., Eng. It appears to us that it is more than our comics that bring pleasure to your patients.

In my estimation, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY comics are tops. I'm sure that if I had read your books before I got into trouble, I would not be in here now. Your magazines, more than anything else, have taught me that crime doesn't pay. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, R. W., Maryland State Reformatory

Breathedsville, Md.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

I have read many American comics, but the best is DAREDEVIL. I like it because the plots seem so real. In Liverpool, American comics are liked very much, but the one we all go for is DARE-DEVIL.

Yours truly, Peter Jukes

64 Clare Road, Bootle, Liverpool, England Your country has produced some wonderful motion pictures. If you tried your hand at comics, we'd be in for lots of competition.

In No. 46 Daredevil, the Wise Guys built a swell tree house. Well, we followed their example and want to thank you for your wonderful idea. Boy! What a clubhouse! We also pledged ourselves to follow in the footsteps of the Wise Guys. We'll let you know if we succeed. Speaking for our club, I thank you.

> Donald Armstrong 9 Olive St., Revere, Mass.

The Wise Guys are honored—take it from me. C. B.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS. 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

### ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR

# BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

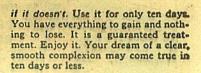
Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life - dates, romance. popularity, social and business success only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours-take my word for it! - no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —in fact, your money will be refunded



Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.371, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





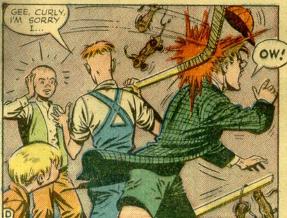




PLAYING ROLLER HOCKEY IS MY IDEA OF A BUSY AFTER-NOON! IT SURE GIVES A GUY AN APPETITE! SPEAKING OF EATIN' STUFF HEY, SCARECROW, IT'S YOUR TURN TO COOK DINNER, ISN'T IT?



Story by







































































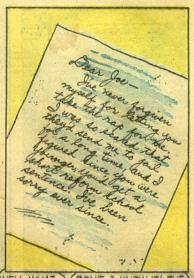


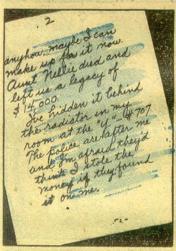




















PEE











































































































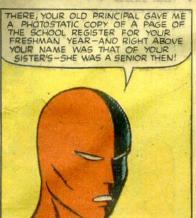


























































# DAGGER OF DEATH A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

HE long room was lined on every side with gleaming glass showcases, all of which glowed from within and were lit by cleverly concealed, indirect lighting. Backed by soft red and deep black satins, the thousands of art treasures gave ample proof of both the exquisite taste and the wealth of the man who owned them, J. Walter Thom.

To put it more correctly, we must say, the man who had owned them. For portly, white-haired J. Walter Thom lay dead in the center of the floor, a crimson splash of blood staining the snowy white of his dress shirt.

"It looks as if you have a tough case on your hands, Inspector," said *Crimebuster*, as the business-like group of fingerprint experts, photographers and detectives filed out of the room with their equipment.

Police Inspector Crandall passed a weary hand over his face, and glared at the smashed show case nearest to the body. "You said a mouthful," he answered. "No fingerprints, no witnesses—nothing but the fact that he was killed with his own famous Daroglio Dagger, which is the only thing missing!"

"If you want my guess," said Crimebuster, "Thom was killed by another art collector. One of those fanatics who'll stop at nothing to get a treasure he feels he must have."

"Sure, sure," said Crandall. "Only there are thousands of art collectors!"

Crimebuster glanced around the room. "Here's an angle, though. None of the other valuable things have been touched. Suppose we assume that the killer was interested only in the dagger. You know, there are people whose interest is not in the intrinsic beauty of an object, but in its power—in this case, the power of death held by the dagger. Now, that narrows it down a bit!"

"Okay," answered Crandall. "So we'll go question all the art dealers, and ask them if they love daggers because daggers are made to kill! Hah!"

"Daggers, daggers," mused Crimebuster. "I know somebody somewhere—of course! Listen, Crandall, a friend of mine, George Coffey, owns the Angelico Dagger, and it's just as famous as the Daroglio! Now, look, I've got a plan, but you'll have to arrange the details—."

The next afternoon, as Crimebuster entered Police Headquarters, Crandall waved a copy of the daily paper at him. "I got it in, all right," he said, "it's all here, right beside the story of Thom's murder. Jack Elliot wrote a feature story about famous daggers, and gave plenty of space to the Angelico—even mentioned your friend Coffey and his address!"

"I know," answered Crimebuster. "George has been fine about it. He's been bothered all day by calls from collectors who want to buy the thing, but he's willing to play along. I'll be at his house tonight, and I think our little plan will work. Now, here's what you do—"

Late that night, Crimebuster sat in the big living room of George Coffey's home, holding the Angelico Dagger in his hands. "It's beautiful, all right," he mused, staring at the slender, gleaming blade. "Old Angelico was certainly an artist. And from the looks of this thing, he was a humanist, too."

Crimebuster sat up straight, and placed the dagger in its case, as the doorbell rang. The butler could be heard answering it. "It's getting late," muttered Crimebuster. "I hope we haven't guessed wrong."

The butler appeared in the hall doorway. "Another art collector, sir. Shall I inform him that the dagger is not for sale?"

"Yes, Johnson," answered Crimebuster. "But remember—memorize and tell me exactly what the man says."

A moment later the butler was back. "This one refuses to leave, sir. He says that he knows the dagger is not for sale, but that he absolutely must see you."

Crimebuster rose. "Show him in, Johnson—this may be my boy!"

The man was appeared in the doorway was tall, muscular in a lanky way, and slightly stooped. His small bright eyes gleamed out from under bushy brows at Crimebuster, as he advanced, his hand outstretched.

"Mr. Coffey?" Crimebuster inclined his head slightly, and the man spoke hurriedly, eagerly. "My name is Luther Kandler. I'm an art collector. I—I must say I'm surprised to find you so young. We collectors are usually older men."

Crimebuster motioned toward a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Kandler. Frankly, I don't know why I decided to see you, unless it's because I'm rather lonely tonight, after hiding all day from other collectors like yourself. You know, of course, that the dagger is absolutely not for sale?"

Kandler nodded wisely. "Of course! I assure you, I know the fascination such a treasure can have on its owner—far above any monetary consideration. I have come only to ask a small favor of you. Would you—could you possibly let me see the Angelico?"

Crimebuster smiled. "I think so. But first, would you care for some coffee, or a brandy, perhaps?"

Kandler twisted his hands together nervously. "No, no—thank you, but I must hurry! If I may just see the dagger?"

Crimebuster rose, letting Kandler see the dagger case in his hands. Kandler leaned forward tensely. "Johnson! Oh, Johnson," called Crimebuster. When the butler appeared, Crimebuster said, "I let the others go some time ago, Johnson, and I don't care to answer any more doorbells tonight. You may have the evening off, too!"

Kandler sat staring at the little case in Crimebuster's hands, only the flicker of 1 seyes indicating that he had noticed the brief appearance of the butler.

Crimebuster stepped to Kandler's side, opened the flat case, and placed it in Kandler's shaking hands.

For a moment, Kandler merely stared, and Crimebuster smiled slightly at the man's expression of utter, possessive greed. Then, without taking his eyes from the dagger, Kandler reached a fluttering hand towards it, and muttered, "May I—take it from the case?"

"Of course," answered Crimebuster quietly.

Kandler lifted the shining blade gently from its case, and stared at it silently for a full minute. Then his burning eyes turned slowly to Crime-buster.

"I know the value in money of this—this priceless treasure," he said slowly. "And I am prepared to offer you exactly three times that amount—in cash!"

Crimebuster shrugged, and settled down in his chair. "I'm sorry, Kandler—but I thought you understood. The dagger is not for sale!"

Kandler frowned, and glared at the slouching boy in front of him. "I will make you one last offer, Mr. Coffey! I have some—some other objects which I can sell, and I simply must have this dagger! I will give you five times the price of the blade! And I warn you—you would do well to agree!"

Crimebuster pretended to consider the offer. As he sat lost in thought, he watched Kandler's face grow slowly dark and forbidden, the tension rising in him as the moments ticked by.

Finally Crimebuster spoke. "That's a very tempting offer, Mr. Kandler. But as you have already said, both of us know the fascination, the, shall we say power, felt by the possessor of

that dagger. I'm afraid I can't bring myself to part with it!"

Kandler leaped to his feet, the blood raging in his face and the dagger clasped in his hand. He took several swift steps, and leaned over to glare down at Crimebuster.

"Don't play games with me, you young fool," he shouted. "Of course I know the power inherent in this dagger! Why do you think I offered you a fortune for it?"

Crimebuster squirmed in his chair, simulating a look of fear, and tried to speak placatingly. "Take it easy, Mr. Kandler," he said nervously. "There must be other beautiful daggers in the world! Why, you could buy some of the finest art objects known for less than you offered me!"

Kandler grasped Crimebuster's shirt front with his free hand, and waved the slim, wicked blade under his nose. His voice rasped hoarsely as he spoke.

"I already have other daggers," he said, "and I am not afraid to use them! They belong to me, as this one does, because I alone use them as they were intended to be used! They are instruments of destruction, and they must taste blood—as this one is about to taste yours! I am not afraid to kill for this treasure—."

"The way you killed Thom for his Daroglio Dagger?" Crimebuster's voice was sharp.

"Yes!" With his strangled shout, Kandler smashed the gleaming blade to its hilt into Crimebuster's chest!

Suddenly the room was a bedlam. A hoarse voice screamed, "Murderer! Killer!" And Crandall, followed by several men, dashed from a hiding place behind a line of heavy curtains. Crandall's face was black with rage as he rushed towards Kandler.

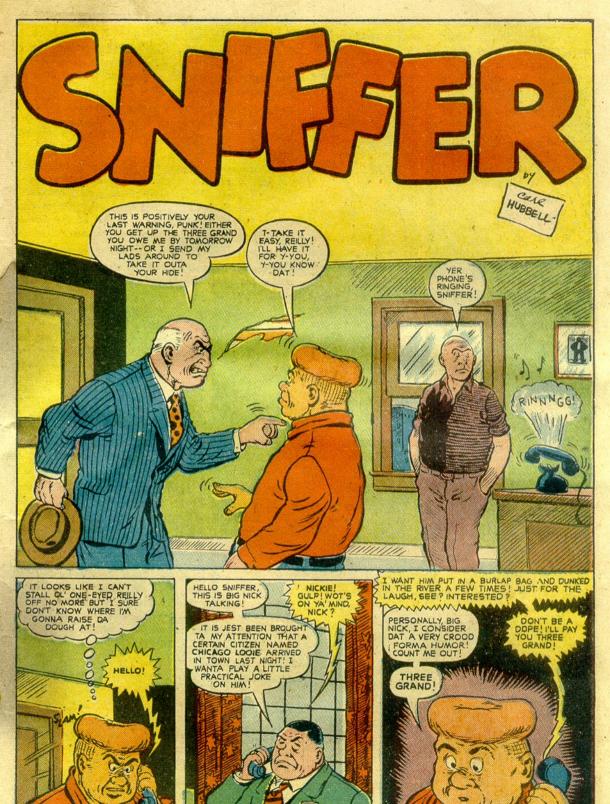
But Crandall was too late. Kandler suddenly screamed in terror, and straightened up like a bent spring. A split second later, there was a sharp crack of bone on bone, and Kandler hit the floor with a thud, unconscious before he landed.

Crimebuster stood scowling down at him. "Sorry, Crandall," he said. "I know that wasn't necessary, but I couldn't help it! The man has the heart of a snake!"

A few minutes later, as Crandall's men turned to the door and carried the half-unconscious Kandler away, Crandall picked up the dagger and wonderingly pushed its spring blade, watching it sink out of sight into the hilt.

Crimebuster grinned. "Tricky, isn't it? Just think, if Kandler had been a real student of art, instead of merely being interested in weapons of destruction, he'd have known that old Angelico loved the human race—and made sure that his beautiful dagger could never kill!"

THE END































































































































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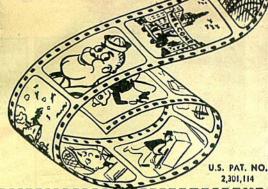
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